

ODE ON LINCOLN

The campaign of 1856 was the prelude
 To the mighty struggle—a struggle of fortitude—
 The one that for humanity did labor—
 The one that did inspire the good will of neighbor to neighbor.
 Kansas was the center that first saw the light—
 The light of the great fight—
 The great fight for freedom and good will towards man—
 The great fight along which strong lines ran—
 Lines that broke the dark line of color—
 Lines that enlisted all—the common man and the scholar.

The candidate for the campaign of 1856—a campaign of education—
 Fremont, the able General, was the choice of the nation.
 Lincoln was then only a man of local fame.
 Not then had the name of Lincoln become a national name.
 A memorable campaign was that of 1856—Fremont a man of national fame
 Was the man whose name headed the ticket—a ticket that if elected would
 put to shame
 The dark code that from the first had brought upon the Republic shame.
 All south of the Mason and Dixon line,
 Were for the dark code of the time.
 Grand speakers were enlisted in this campaign,
 And Lincoln, of the state of Illinois fame,
 With the rest came to the front;
 Though then one of the lesser lights, to bear the battle's brunt.
 The contest was sharp and strong.
 It was won—yes won; but by the long
 Holding of political power, the party of the South
 Gained the day. Though counted out the Free soil party were loath
 To give up the battle for the rights of man.
 So the struggle was continued, and the fires upon the altars they did fan.

Lincoln was born in the Kentucky state.
 A State that has produced men of national fame and great.
 History says that Lincoln was the son
 Of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. In Kentucky he first saw
 The light of day. Culture comes from culture;
 And the cultivated parents produces the cultivated child—such the structure
 Of nature. Let history say what it may,
 For one I do not believe that the rude Lincoln of that day
 Was the sire of such a man as was Abram Lincoln.
 "If not, who was?" may be the question—such is well.
 Let the question be asked—then apply the answer as well.
 There is policy in the game;
 Over and over in the world's history it has been the same.
 Some ruling power seeks to perpetuate itself—
 Perpetuate itself—all for pelf
 Only through some son of the people,

Can the banner be borne, that must fly from the steeple.
 So the cultivated son of the cultivated parent
 Is, as it were, found as the heir apparent—
 The would-be heir to the grand estate.
 Thus it was with Lincoln—to make him great.
 As a youth he must be poor.
 His surroundings apparently devoid of the sure
 Ways to success. But behind all
 The way for the necessary culture there and within call.
 What the public see, and what they only see,
 Is something their sympathy to free;
 Whereby the agent is to gain the day.
 There is nothing honest about this plan of the past decay
 Its day is past; no longer can they it employ
 At least not in the grand Republic of the west
 For centuries in the old world it was considered the best
 Plan, whereby to rule; but the times have changed;
 And today, despite all the pessimistic range
 Of thoughts—the ways of honesty rule—
 Rule as never before—rule in the modern school.
 In 1816 the Lincoln family to Indiana moved—to the free state.
 Here for the young Lincoln was a new start—one whereby to make him great.
 At twenty years of age he was six feet four;
 And through the rest of his years this height he bore.
 In 1831 down the Mississippi he did float
 In one of the rude structures of that day—called a flat boat—
 A rude scow. At New Orleans he visited a slave mart,
 And there saw for the first time human beings on which an auctioneer did
 start
 A price. As a young man he was engaged in various lines of law
 Clerk in a grocery store. 1832 a captain in the Black Hawk war—
 Post master—Surveying for a short time.
 In politics a Whig. To the legislature eight years in all.
 From 1834 to 42. Admitted to the bar in 1836—to the lawyer's call
 Stephen A. Douglas from New Hampshire came
 To the new west. A man short and of strong frame.
 In 1842 he and Lincoln first met.
 They both knew Miss Todd—all were in one set.
 The Todds were of the high Kentucky society of the day.
 The two young men to Miss Todd attention did pay.
 Which should she choose—which of the two?
 The *sub-rosa* information throws much light upon what she should do.
 Abram Lincoln had been chosen by the Round Table of the day—
 He was their choice for President—on him they did lay
 The badge of honor—he was their choice
 So Miss Todd Lincoln did choose—in him she did rejoice.
 In 1842 they were married and became as one;
 And at Springfield, Illinois, his life's battle was begun.

Lincoln, with many of the northern men
 The Mexican war did oppose. But when
 The war was on loyally did they the government support.
 But these men did not see what it would seem they ought.

In this war there was a grand destiny—
One that would add millions of square miles for liberty.
What wise man today would not prefer to live in this acquired land,
Than in it as it was under the effete Mexican hand.
“There is a destiny that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will”—one that sends
The spirits of the free higher and higher—
One that to the grand future brings us higher and higher.
Thereby came the territory so rich in nature’s gifts.
Millions of square miles with that which lifts
Humanity to a higher plateau,
Where the skies are bright—where prosperity does flow—
Short was the vision of many of that day.
But a Higher Power ruled and brought on the affray—
The affray that brought into the Union free
Men and high issues and men to support the grand liberty.

In 1854 the Missouri Compromise was the question of the hour.
In it the champions of slavery saw power.
But such was not to be.
Instead of darkness and wrong, it lead on to liberty.
A bill was before Congress to stop the slave trade.
Lincoln, then in the House, moved to make the District free—this was a step
that made
The nation free, by making the Black man free—
Making him free and in line to enjoy liberty.

Abram Lincoln was a politician
Rather than a statesman—such was his relation
To the State. In 1846 to Congress he went,
For a term—1847 to 49—he was sent.
He was the sixteenth president of the United States,
Born in Harlin County, Ky., February 12, 1809—history relates.
Died at Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865
In February, 1860, he made a tour to the East—then alive
With the great question of the day.
Should the Grand Republic be slave or free—was the great question that
brought on the fray
The irrepressible conflict was now on—
The stumps of the country were illumined with strong speech and song
The song did an important part take.
The speeches were strong and did the country shake.
Four tickets were in the field.
The Free Soil party was strong—the Slave power would not yield.

Much has been said about Lincoln’s sad face,
As though his lot was one of sadness, that did base
Itself upon the thought that he
Was much troubled about the country being free.
The wish is often the father of the thought;
And herein is an illustration—one to which we ought
To give more heed. For one I see no sadness in the look.
It was more of a dyspeptic that the lines of the face took.

We saw him in 1864, when if at any time
There should have been sadness in the line—
In the lines of the face when reverses to the cause
Were many—when darkness did come, and victory pause.
Then it would seem that sadness should come.
But it did not, for the lines of the face were free—free, and bright as the
morning sun.

Some historians have attempted to make him out as a General—great.
This is most ridiculous—there was no generalship in him, his secretary of
war, or the favorite

General. Stanton was simply infamous. Grant was weak.
The best men—the grandest Generals of all the war, they did seek
By vile means to overthrow—and overthrow them they did try and do.
The only grand thing that Lincoln did, of which we know,
Was to reinstate McClellan after the fiasco of Pope—
In the fiasco of McDowell and Pope there was no hope,
Thousands of brave lives were lost—
Lost—in order to prolong the war—at any cost.
McClellan, one of the grand captains of the world
Was sacrificed after his glorious peninsular campaign, and his banner furled.
After the defeat at the second Bull Run,
Lincoln, in the dead hour of night did to him come,
And request him again to resume command
Of the Grand Army of the Potomac—and against the enemy make a stand.
McClellan was blamed for not going to the assistance of Pope.
A more ridiculous and vicious statement was never made—it was a mere coat,
To cover the villainy of Stanton who was on the side of disunion, spoils and
greed.

Yet this man was called the “Great War Secretary” and in time of need,
Was put forth as a patriot, strong and bold—
The man to conduct the war and the enemy to hold
In clutches strong. This man did more to prolong the war
Than all the rest. Lincoln knew nothing of war—
He was a mere tool in this corrupt man’s hands—
Look over the field—See the low men and their stands,
With whom he connived to prolong the war—
See the grand and good Generals upon whom he bore—
Bore with all his subtle and official might—
For years he was highly praised, but now his name is not much in sight.
There let it remain—a most inglorious name—
One that shall go down with that of the Burr and Arnold shame.
At midnight with only a lieutenant aid to him near
McClellan took command. When it was known that the old commander was
again in command—cheer upon cheer
Rent the air. He soon reorganized the demoralized
Force that had served under Pope—an act sufficient alone, to immortalize
Any man. On to South Mountain and Antietam—at rapid pace
The Grand Army did march—march with a new light step—as it were a race
With the enemy to reach some important point—some new field.
The enemy at South Mountain was met—and did yield.
The day was won—a prelude only it was—a prelude grand—
On to Antietam. There the enemy took another stand.

At Harper's Ferry twelve thousand men were stationed—of no value there. McClellan requested that this force be turned over to him—his argument was that of a soldier, and fair.

But the War Department would not his request heed.

A Confederate force under Hill did—with speed,
March to this point. The resistance was feeble—and a traitor General in command

The force soon surrendered, and back Hill went, with Lee to stand.

On this memorable day Burnside commanded the left flank.

Order after order he received from McClellan—of high rank.

On, Hill was marching. The fighting was terrible—connivance there seemed to be

Between the enemy and our War Department—All was at sea.

Late in the afternoon a part of the Burnside corps

Advanced over Stone bridge. Had this advance been made before,

The result of the battle would have been more complete

For the Union side. "The bloodiest battle of the war" it did deplete

The forces there engaged. By four or five o'clock all was o'er.

At the beginning the enemy had the advantage. He then held the field.

Our force must attack his lines. This they did, and he did yield.

The enemies of McClellan were never so happy as when

They could with him find fault—happy were they then.

"After the battle, why did he not follow up Lee?

Why let the army idle lie, and let the enemy flee?"

It is easy to ask such questions. If these men had been zealous for truth,

They would readily have known that a man like McClellan, forsooth

Would not have done that which was not wise and best;

But his army had been through three campaigns, with no rest.

Now they were without proper clothing, and covering for the feet—

They were in no condition to follow an enemy so fleet.

Quartermaster stores were ordered and came.

But when the soldiers tried to put on the shoe

They soon found that it was a number in sizes too small, so would not do.

In this there was no mistake—

It was a villainous act in order to make

It appear that McClellan was wanting in action.

It was a step to prolong the war—a reaction.

Slavery, and only slavery was the real cause of the war.

Various steps were taken the slave to free—to open the door

That would free the slave. General Butler declared them contraband of war.

Fremont in Missouri issued a proclamation that too was an open door.

These steps the power at Washington did not approve or like.

So this power did at these measures strike.

"The war was for the purpose the Union to save."

And not the moral power of the Republic, or to free the slave.

Delegation after delegation—petition after petition,

To Washington was sent, in the interest of humanity—a proper rendition.

To the slave—his rights as a man; but to this no heed—

No heed until the pressure became so great—from the seed

So long sown. Then Mr. Lincoln wrote his proclamation—

A proclamation that would free the slave and right the nation.

But at this time our condition in the field

Was at a low ebb. The South was then in no spirit to yield

Her armies were successful all along the line.
Lincoln would now issue the proclamation at this time
But the wise Seward said "nay, Mr. Lincoln wait
Until we have a victory, then it will have more effect"—
Wait they did for six months or more ere the victory came
Then it came at South Mountain and Antietam and set the nation aflame.
It was the genius of George B. McClellan that gave value to this paper.
Without this victory the proclamation would have had no value—it would
have been simply a paper fakir.

The end draws near; The last campaign was on.
In March, 1865, Lincoln, on the James, met the commissioners of the South
—who still thought themselves strong—
Strong enough the Union force to defy when he them did seek
Not against Slavery, but for the Union only did he speak.
But to him they would not listen; the continuation of slavery it must be.
No other question would they consider—no other thought would they see.
At this time ample revenues were by Congress made.
The line to supply the army was ample and well laid.
Yet the rations for the horses were exceedingly short.
When the poor horses were taken to water they sought
The dry bushes by the way.
Short were their rations in corn and hay.
In history we read of wrongs, greeds and vicious deeds
But here in the United States in 1861-65 the needs
Of the poor beasts were sacrificed for the low greed
Of men who received ample pay for the food supply
At least fifty per cent. of their rations were taken from them on the sly—
And a few officials of high rank
Profited by this villainy—and from naught shrank
That would their coffers fill. They would all undo.
Is it a wonder that the families of these men—so untrue
Now live in ease—with no occupation and nothing to do;
But live like gentlemen—gentlemen of leisure,
With naught to do but seek pleasure.
All this the world has ignored.
Yet the facts are patent, and cannot be floored.
Lincoln is credited for a masterly conduct of the national affairs during this
war

Where in was this masterly conduct—we cannot see—we it deplore.
"He freed the Slave—He caused the bond man to go free."
This we deny. It was the loyal acts of men good and true—
Of the grand men and women of the land and the "Boys in Blue."
Some have rated this man above Washington.
"The greatest President of the land—the grandest man under the sun."
Let his acts speak for themselves.
Let history speak—history into which the scholar delves.
To even compare such a man with Washington—
To assert he was the superior man—the nation's better son—
Is ridiculous. Washington was a gentleman—and true.
A General, the peer of the best—ever ready the best to do.
A master—not one who was ruled by the vile men of his day.
A wiseman—a patriot—a statesman.

Not a politician of the pot house school. Washington was a gentleman!
Washington's name and fame grows with the years.
In Lincoln's name there is naught that cheers.
The "Sad look" is ridiculous too.
When he good living got he got good health and a good hue
His fame has reached the high water mark—
The turn of the tide is now at hand—it is full time
That the American people studied the inner history of this war.
Then they will more fully realize—realize as never before
The grandeur that then came to the front—
The noble acts of the noble men and women who bore the brunt
Of the strife—and of the vile and contemptible men,
Who delayed the good cause—who lived in the low fen.
Lincoln was weak—not strong. Of him it has even been said,
That the finer writings purporting to come from his pen has lead
People to think of him as superior along this line,
Came from one of the most talented women of the time.
Washington's name still stands at the head of the noble and free.
In the name of Lincoln, there is nothing to inspire Liberty.

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December 15, 1907.

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